

## TWO TOO OBEDIENT ASSISTANTS

[From Puck.]



Photographer—Bring him up a little closer.

Photographer—Hil, there! One of you hand me one of those plates, quick!

PHOTOGRAPH

<p><b>SLAVERY AMONG ANTS.</b></p> <p>Black Servants Trained by Warriors of a Superior Species.</p>	<p><b>LITTLE MEN WITH BIG M</b></p> <p>Physical Oddities of Some Actors on History's Stag</p>
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We should have preferred him as a warrior. In stature he was no less than Alexander the Great; and his far more intelligent

ng, treat them gently and thus turn  
into docile and zealous servants.  
The slave ants who have never known  
city from which they sprang do all  
inferior work of the community with

er alacrity, care for the larvae, carry  
their mistresses, feed them, barricade the  
proaches in case of a siege, receive the  
vicious amazons when they return from  
robbery, and finally, and lastly, them-

pupae captured in the raid. They are thoroughly on the side of their enemies, so that it is believed they molest those who return from any expedition with empty mandibles.

ness. In some English and American  
never leaves the nest. In Switzer-  
some go sphinx hunting, a business  
ruined by the warrior ants. The war-  
less always seem to consider the black  
who serve them as their property.  
though they may allow themselves to  
carried by their slaves, these soldiers,

their turn, do not hesitate to carry  
servants for safety's sake when  
ing loose, or, in case of a siege, to  
g them hastily down into the depths  
the subterranean dwelling.  
his system of slavery has certainly  
led for many centuries in the aut

But it does not exist always, as attested by certain survivals. Because, in certain species, that pampered progeny, the queen, participates in the labors of the community exactly like a humble worker.

**HE MAINTAINED HER AGE.**  
Age Taintor Doubts, but Lena Is Sent to the Protectory.

etty Lena Tryland told Judge Taintor at the Yorkville Court that she is fifteen, but she is as large and well developed as most of a twenty, and Justice Taintor questioned her sharply, but Lena stoutly main-

gent King found the girl homeless, a Mrs. King, of No. 548 Eleventh avenue, with whom she had lived eight years, having been claimed, driven her out by her unkind mother.

ena told the Court that her parents died at years ago, leaving her and three older ones—Lula, Emma and Kate. They are orphans and would give her a home she said, he could find them.

ena was committed to the Catholic Pro-tory.

"Home, sweet home,  
Is it ever so humble,  
There's no place like home."

Provided it has THE WORLD'S W PAGE, which is printed every day.

This circumstance caused me no emotion in particular, and I forgot all about as I sped on aresh. I slackened my

met or otherwise made me glance backward  
the road again.

'The other traveller had gained upon  
with amazing celerity. He was now  
more than forty or fifty yards behind.

"His garments looked white in the  
flooded moonlight. Dick, when riding  
toward Sutter, had seen a sort of white  
figure in the rauger's seemed to be  
and it appeared to me, as I paused, thun-  
der-stricken and trembling, for a moment  
my ride that his form was exactly that  
of my dead friend."

"I was never superstitious, yet now for  
the first time a feeling of awe came over me;  
and as I walked to the grove of my  
father's house, I felt that I was walking  
toward a ghost."

"I have seen ghost, sure  
enough," said Sutter, "but not  
this. I answered, with trembling  
"the ghost of my poor dead friend  
and see, there it comes!"

"The white figure had arrived  
at the corner of the lane, full in the  
glare of the dazzling moonlight.  
It mounted and advanced toward  
us, and we stood."

"I held up both my hands to  
my face, and I felt that I was  
walking toward a ghost."

"Don't come near me," I cried in agony of desperation, "until you have seen me as a man or the old friend Dick." "The thing laughed; it was a gloomy human laugh."

"Well, sir," it replied in a chuckle came, "but a messenger man who has ghosted you long ago can for his little services get paid for clothes—Mr. Tippett, the tinsmith on Gratiot street. Here 'tis for you. You can't deny it by to-morrow I'm instructed to invite an interview with the Recorder at Street Court-House."

"The romance of the thing shattered my day dream and my Sophie. Old Byles turned me out of his door, and my lender who never owed me a cent and bade me never again show my face the cottage."

"Well Sophie raised her decision, and shortly afterwards a broker, who had a couple of months' experience, and his own money, came to me in Glenview, and left here alone with my father."

—Exchange.